VOICES OF PEACE

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VOICES of PEACE

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ACROSTIC

I—dealism
R—eliability
I—nitiative
S—elf-control

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THE SHEPHERDS AND THE KING

The night was cold and clear. In the lonely Judean field two shepherds huddled closely about the fire. Their sheep were dotted about on the ground, most of them asleep. In the distance, atop Mount Zion, could be seen a dim structure, King Herod's palace, and not far off were the rising hills of Jerusalem.

Old Joshua returned to the fire with a lamb that had broken its leg. He busied himself setting the leg—binding it to a stick with strips of cloth. That done, he sat holding the lamb and rubbing its wool.

Joshua felt lonely tonight. The other two shepherds were sleeping lightly, as they often did, leaving one to keep watch. His thoughts drifted to a conversation he had heard the previous day at Bethlehem. The taxes imposed on the people of Palestine by the harsh government at Rome had become almost unbearable. The oppressed people were looking forward to the coming of the King promised by the prophets of old, who should destroy the power of Rome and restore the kingdom of Israel. Old Joshua wished with all his heart that this wonderful person would come during his lifetime. He imagined him now, strong and good, enthroned in a palace greater even than King Herod's.

Turning his gaze across the plains toward the hills, Joshua caught sight of a tiny point of light, almost like a star, but definitely brighter. Indeed, it was no star, for it began to grow larger. Could it be approaching? Tenderly, he laid the lamb on the ground and ran to the other shepherds to shake them from their slumber.

"Look," he cried, "at yonder light! Do my eyes deceive me? Doth it not approach?"

The astonished shepherds roused themselves quickly, gazing off into the direction indicated by their excited companion. Yes, in truth, there was a light. What could it be? And, yes, it was coming toward them!

Astounded, they stood as though rooted to the earth. The light continued to grow nearer and larger, blinding them with its brightness, until it quite enveloped them. Out of its midst came one whose figure and countenance seemed of fire. Filled with wonder and fright, the shepherds fell upon their knees before the angelic form. A voice, wonderfully sweet, spoke saying, "Fear not."

The shepherds were somewhat reassured and their fear was quieted. The voice repeated, "Fear not." Then it cried out joyously, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Then, to their amazement, the air was filled with great wings and pearly garments, as of hosts of angels. The shepherds' ears were filled

with the most heavenly music, sung by voices more glorious, even, than those of the great choir in the Temple at Jerusalem. All of them were singing: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The music, loud and joyous at first, grew fainter and died away into silence. Then the first angel's voice sounded again as softly and sweetly as before, saying, "And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

This was all, and when the three shepherds raised their eyes the hosts of angels had departed and they were again alone.

Joshua was the first to speak. "Could this be the King spoken of by the prophets?" he queried.

"What did the angel say?" another asked. "'A Saviour which is Christ the Lord'?"

"Is this he whom all Palestine awaits? A tiny babe?"

Joshua's mind was filled with thought. Was there, then, to be no throne? No real king? What could a babe do to free Judea from the chains of Rome?

"We must hasten to Bethlehem," he said at length, "to seek the meaning of our vision."

So the shepherds, leaving their sheep, hurried to Bethlehem, arriving at the inn in the early morning. They sought their friend, the stable-keeper, and followed him to the stall where Mary lay with the Babe in her arms, safely guarded by Joseph.

There was only a manger with clean straw; there were no heavenly voices, no hosts of angels; but as the shepherds came into the presence of the child, all their doubts and disappointment faded. About the head of the Babe there seemed to be a tiny circle of celestial light. The shepherds knew, as they sank upon their knees, that the Babe was, indeed, the promised King. Phrases of familiar psalms and songs were upon their lips, and they felt a strange glow within their hearts. At length they rose, and with bowed heads and full hearts passed out into the darkness of the night.

"No, they were never quite the same again,
Those shepherds of that dim Judean field;
Old restlessness, old frailties, old pain
From hungers of the soul were somehow healed.
For always watching they would see a light,
And, always listening, they would hear a song;
And evermore from night to dismal night
The way was never dark, nor watching long."

MARY WINSLOW, '39

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

Thank you, God, for gleaming stars
Set deep within the bowl of night,
For flower-fragrance, singing birds,
For quiet dusk, and wind, and light:
Thank you, God, for life.

Thank you, God, for two brown eyes,
A smile that fills with tenderness,
A face whose every line is dear,
A touch that is all gentleness:
Thank you, God, for love.

Thank you, God, for that soft voice
That whispers, "Peace; His love endures;"
The voice that calms all doubt and fear,
The voice that always reassures:
Thank you, God, for faith.

Betsy Peery, '39

THE LAST DAYS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH

On October 29, 1618, in the words of a recent writer, "Was executed in the 67th year of his age, Sir Walter Raleigh, soldier, navigator, explorer, author, poet, philosopher, and patriot; the statesman who wrested our continent from Spain, the pioneer who first planted the seeds of law and liberty and Anglo-Saxon civilization in America, the hero-martyr of English colonization on our shores." It seems strange that such a patriot and gentleman should die a traitor's death. However, when we consider the fickleness of royal favor and the uncertainty of life at court in those days, we can readily understand how even the best of men might be so condemned.

Raleigh was born in England in 1552. He was well educated at Oxford, though he left school before graduation in order to do volunteer service with the French Huguenots. When he returned to England he went on a voyage to America with Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his half-brother. This voyage began for Raleigh a great career of exploration, discovery, and colonization—the career which was finally to cost his life.

It is easy to see how this handsome gentleman-adventurer won the attention of Queen Elizabeth and became one of her favorites. In 1584, at the height of his popularity, Raleigh began a series of colonizing expeditions to Virginia, a part of the newly discovered America. Although he himself never visited North America, he, among other enterprises, fostered the famous "Lost Colony" on Roanoke Island.

In 1592 Raleigh incurred the wrath of the vain Queen by marrying Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of her maids of honor. Raleigh's devotion to his wife and hers to him was beautiful and rare, considering the frivolous life and great immorality of Elizabethan England.

When James I ascended the throne, Raleigh was almost immediately charged with conspiracy against the king. This was because James wanted an alliance with Spain, while Raleigh during his voyages was constantly waging war with Spanish ships. In 1603 the great Englishman was tried at Winchester on charges of high treason. History records that "His trial . . . was conducted with outrageous unfairness, and his gallant bearing . . . turned public opinion in his favor." Raleigh was sentenced to death but was remanded to the Tower, where he was imprisoned for thirteen years. Here he spent his time writing and doing work in chemistry.

In 1616 Raleigh was at last released, when he promised James, who needed financial aid, to find a gold mine in Guiana. Historians disagree, though most modern authorities are inclined to believe that the gold mine was a hoax Raleigh employed to obtain release from prison. Even if this were so, Raleigh is to be excused when we consider the outrageous treatment he had received at James' hands. At any rate, as Josephus Larned tells us, "he was given liberty for the search—not pardoned, but released from the Tower, with his old death sentence in suspense—and he had to pledge his very life that he would do nothing hostile to Spain."

Whatever Raleigh's intentions were, whether good or bad, they came to naught; for when his fleet entered the mouth of the Orinoco River, the great explorer was ill with a tropical fever. A party of men without the commander went in search of the imaginary mines. They were attacked by a group of Spaniards, evidently lying in wait for them, and a battle followed in which Raleigh's own son was killed. Complete failure of the expedition followed, and as the same historian writes, "Sir Walter, broken-hearted, returned home to lay his gray head on the block and to pay the vengeful price that Spain demanded from King James for the friendship which he truckled meanly to win."

Again Raleigh was summoned to Westminster Hall. Again he was sentenced to death. This time there was to be no thirteen years' imprisonment, for the execution was to take place early the next morning. Raleigh was so ill the morning of his last trial that he had not combed his hair and beard. When his old valet, Peter, reproached him for this carelessness, Raleigh replied that he would not put so much care on a head that would go to the hangman.

When Raleigh was taken from Westminster Hall to the Gate House, where he was to be imprisoned, he seemed to be in high spirits. When he met an old friend, Sir Hugh Beeston, Edmund Gosse tells us that "he urged him to secure a good place at the show the next morning. He himself, he said, was sure of one." Some of Raleigh's friends asked him

not to be so gay, for fear that it might seem in bad taste. According to the same authority, "Raleigh answered, 'It is my last mirth, in this world; do not grudge it me.' "

Lady Raleigh learned of her husband's fate late that night. Immediately she hastened to his prison. The final scene between Raleigh and his wife was probably the saddest in his life. She had just learned that her husband was to be taken from her, and was completely unnerved. Raleigh's thoughts were on the vindication of his name before the world, and he discussed his plans with his wife. He purposely avoided speaking of their little son, Carew, and the other things which were dearest to his heart. Too soon the abbey clock warned them that it was midnight and that their hour together was gone. Tenderly they bade each other farewell. Charles K. True gives us Raleigh's last words to his wife, relating to the disposal of his body: " 'It is well, dear Bess,' said Sir Walter with a parting smile, 'that thou mayst dispose of that dead which thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive.' "

When Lady Raleigh had gone, Raleigh spent his time finishing his last will and testament, and replying to the unjust accusations of Lord Stukeley and others. Then he penned the verses which were found in his Bible after his death:

"Even such is time that takes in trust
  Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
  Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust."

"These verses have moved men ever since," Edward Thompson writes. "But A. H. Bullen showed their pathos as even deeper than was guessed." The first six lines of the poem were part of a love poem, which Raleigh had written many years before. The poem, though written at a time when Raleigh apparently had all that one could wish—youth, wealth, the favor of his Queen—was yet suitable for the hour of his death. He merely added the last two lines.

While her husband was occupying himself with his writing, Lady Raleigh did what she could to make arrangements for the next morning. She sent the following note to her brother, Sir Nicholas Carew:

"I desire, good brother, that you will be pleased to let me bury the worthy body of my noble husband, Sir Walter Raleigh, in your church at Beddington, where I desire to be buried. The Lords have given me his dead body, though they denied me his life. This night he shall be brought you with two or three of my men. Let me hear presently. God hold me in my wits."

Thompson explains Raleigh's last actions in the following words:

> As the night passed, we may be sure that its hours came crowded with memories. No man that ever passed from our English stage had more or varied ones. It is natural, but it is mistaken, to suppose that his superb carriage in death's antechamber and then death's very presence was the passing of a man who dramatized himself and his deeds. He was the last representative of an age whose lesson to posterity is that the mind is alive only when imagination flames intensely, making us spirit and not mere body. The relief and almost zest with which Raleigh played his last part were spontaneous. He must have seen that it was a good time for him to die.

Toward morning Dr. Tounson returned to Raleigh to administer Holy Communion to the prisoner. After the ceremony Raleigh talked freely and cheerfully to the Dean. He once more affirmed his innocence, but said that he had forgiven his enemies and was willing to die, since it was the law. As the time drew near for the execution, Raleigh ate a good breakfast and then smoked a pipe of tobacco, the plant which he himself had brought to England from America. Just before he left the Gate House a servant brought him a cup of sack. As Milton Waldman relates: "The servant asked if the wine were to his liking, and Raleigh replied, 'I will answer you as did the fellow who drank of St. Giles' bowl as he went to Tyburn, "It is good drink, if a man might stay by it."' "

It is characteristic of Raleigh that he dressed well and carefully for his execution. He wore a handsome outfit, consisting of a brown satin doublet, black embroidered waistcoat, black taffeta breeches, and ash-colored silk stockings. The entire suit was covered with a black velvet gown. Around his neck Raleigh hung a gold chain and on his head he placed a lace cap to protect his head from the cold. As Mr. Waldman writes: "One was going to meet Death; it would be unseemly to overdress one's part, but unworthy to give no thought at all to one's costume for so unique an occasion."

Since it was the Lord Mayor's day in London, Raleigh's persecutors had hoped that this attraction would prevent a crowd gathering to hear the condemned man speak his last words. However, a large crowd gathered and Raleigh, old and suffering from ague, was quite breathless as he made his way to the scaffold. However, his bearing was as erect and his wits as keen as ever. Seeing an old man who was quite bald-headed, standing in the crowd, Raleigh asked him why he was out on such a cold morning. The man replied that he had come to pray for him. Raleigh removed his lace nightcap and threw it to him, remarking that he himself had no more need of it.

Since the morning was very chilly, the sheriffs had built a fire for themselves at the foot of the scaffold. They invited Raleigh to come down and warm himself, but he refused, knowing that this would make his ague worse. Fearing that the people would think him trembling from fear instead of pain, the prisoner explained his condition to them, saying, according to Louise Creighton, " 'If . . . you perceive any weakness in me ascribe it to my sickness rather than to myself. I am infinitely bound to God, that He hath vouchsafed me to die in the sight of so notable an assembly, and not in darkness, neither in that Tower where I have suffered so much adversity and a long sickness.' "

Raleigh then prepared to make his final speech. After inviting some friends who were in a nearby balcony to come down where they might hear him, Raleigh began his speech, which lasted for about half an hour. As Gosse writes: "His powers were drawn together to their height; his intellect, which had lately seemed to be growing dim, had never flashed more brilliantly, and the biographer can recall but one occasion in Raleigh's life . . . when his bearing was of quite so gallant a magnificence. As he stood on the scaffold in the cold morning air, he foiled James and Philip at one thrust, and conquered the esteem of all posterity."

Raleigh's speech was concerned with two major charges. First, he had been accused of having "practices" with France. This he denied, saying that he had never been commissioned by the King of France, or by any king for that matter except his own. He went on to say that it was true that he had attempted to escape to France after his final voyage, but only because he thought that he might secure pardon for his ill-fated trip.

The second accusation was that he had been traitor to King James. In the words of Thompson: "Those who feared that he would take advantage of the tumultuous emotion of the occasion to stir up prejudice against the king did not know their man. His respect for the Crown was as genuine as that of any British military or naval officer of our day; and he was not out for any personal conquests in a war which he recognized was over, and about whose results he did not trouble himself. That he had to bring in the King at all he apologized with an all but imperceptible shrug of dismissal of James to his proper importance. 'But what have I to do with kings, who am about to go before the King of kings?' "

Raleigh ended with a prayer. He then asked the people to pray for him, saying, as True records:

> "And now I entreat you all to join with me in prayer to the Great God of Heaven whom I have grievously offended. I have many, many sins for which to beseech God's pardon. Of a long time my course was a course of vanity. I have been a seafaring man, a soldier, and a courtier, and the temptations

> of the least of these overthrow a good mind and a good man. I die in the faith as professed by the Church of England. I hope to be saved and have my sins washed away by the precious blood and merits of our Savior, Christ."
>
> Proclamation was now made for all persons to leave the scaffold.

Arundel and some other noblemen lingered for a few minutes and Raleigh asked them to see that no evil reports were published about him. As Gosse writes: "The noblemen lingered so long, that it was Raleigh himself who gently dismissed them. 'I have a long journey to go,' he said, and smiled; 'therefore, I must take my leave of you.' "

As he prepared for the execution, the condemned man took off his gown and doublet and handed them to the attendant. One writer tells us that "he refused to be blindfolded, with the remark, 'Think you, I fear the shadow of the axe, when I fear not the axe itself?' " Again Raleigh knelt in silent prayer, and then as he presented himself ready for execution he asked the headsman to let him see the axe. When the man hesitated, Raleigh demanded the weapon, saying that surely no one thought that he feared it. As he passed his finger along the edge of the axe, he humorously remarked that it was a sharp medicine, but one that would cure him of all future diseases. The executioner begged Raleigh's forgiveness for the deed that he must do, and this the condemned man freely gave. Raleigh told the man to execute him when he raised his hands. The rest of the scene is best described by Edmund Gosse in his *Raleigh:*

> The Sheriff then asked him which way he would lay himself on the block. Raleigh answered, "So the heart be right, it matters not which way the head lies," but he chose to lie facing the east. . . . Raleigh then lay down, and the company was hushed while he remained awhile in silent prayer. He was then seen to stretch out his hands, but the headsman was absolutely unnerved and could not stir. Raleigh repeated the action but again without result. The rich Devonshire voice was then heard again, and for the last time. "What dost thou fear? Strike, man, strike!" His body neither twitched nor trembled; only his lips were seen still moving in prayer. At last the headsman summoned his resolution, and though he struck twice, the first blow was fatal.

When the head rolled off, it was held up that all might see. A great sigh came from the lips of the entire crowd, and someone cried, "We have not such another head to cut off." The same biographer finds a grisly beauty in the closing scene:

> Sir Walter Raleigh was probably well advanced in his sixty-seventh year, but grief and travel had made him look much older. He was still vigorous, however, and the effusion from his body was so extraordinary, that many of the spectators shared the wonder of Lady Macbeth, that the old man had so much blood in him. The head was shown to the spectators . . . and was then dropped into a red bag. The body was wrapped in the velvet night-gown, and both were carried to Lady Raleigh.

Raleigh's wife buried his body in the chancel of Saint Margaret's, Westminster, but she had the head embalmed. She kept this head with her all her life, allowing very dear friends to see it, and even to kiss it. On Lady Raleigh's death, the head went to Carew Raleigh, who kept it as his mother had. When he died, both his body and the head were buried in Sir Walter's grave.

In the words of Louise Creighton: "The way in which Raleigh met death—with the grace of a courtier, the dignity of a philosopher, the courage of a soldier, and the faith of a Christian—made him more than ever a hero and a martyr in the eyes of the people. Sir John Eliot [himself a martyr] says, 'His bearing left only this doubt, whether death was more acceptable to him, or he more welcome to death.' "

No matter what James attempted to do to vindicate himself for the execution of this great man, Raleigh was still the hero of the English people. "For," as Milton Waldman says, "how should even a king efface a memory such as inspired an anonymous spectator of the execution to write these lines:

> " 'Great Heart, who taught thee so to die?
> Death yielding thee the victory
> Where tookst thou leave of life? If there,
> How camest thou then so free from fear?
> Sure, thou didst die and quit the fate
> Of flesh and blood before that state.
> I saw in all the standers by
> Pale Death, life only in thine eye.
> Farewell, Truth shall this story say—
> We died, thou only livedst that day.' "

Claire Freeman, '39

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

The stage. A half-hexagon, the walls of which are hung with beige crêpe. A pale blond-maple chair, its tall, straight back intricately carved, waits regally in the center of the stage like a medieval throne. A small table stands at the right; the richly embroidered scarf thrown over it is littered with books, notebooks, papers. (Will she read "Renascence"?—"The Harp-Weaver"?—"The Philosopher"?)

Edna Millay. She steps on the stage, half-hesitates, glances swiftly toward her audience. The rich, red velvet of her gown flames against the pale-curtained walls. Rich red velvet, gold-embroidered—the dress of a medieval princess. Long sweeping train—the kind a child would love. (Poet, you played "princess" when you were a little girl.) How childlike is the Peter Pan collar, edged in gold. How smartly sophisticate the red, high-latticed shoes. (I saw them in *Vogue*.)

Now she moves swiftly forward to the table. With quick, sure motions, her strong, blunt fingers touch first one book, then another. Now she holds a thin, black-bound volume in her small, broad hands. (Smooth, white, practical hands, and strangely strong are they.) She opens the book, turns toward her audience.

She is ready.

"First I will read 'Winter Night.'" Clipped accent. (British? No—she isn't the sort of person to affect an English accent. But it is there—wait—New England, of course.) Her deep-toned voice rings clearly through the room, its timbre slightly rough, but sweet. The chill wind howls; I shiver. Winter night. The snow creaks beneath my feet. The icicles clink together. The chill remains after the voice ceases.

"Fledgling" . . . Her voice is rich and alive. She holds her book in her right hand, but she does not look at it. Her left hand brushes the pale, ash-blond hair away from her smooth forehead in a slow, absent-minded motion. (Girl, did your mother worry thus when you first tried your wings?)

"Childhood Is the Kingdom Where Nobody Dies." . . . "Nobody that matters, that is." (When you were little, you didn't care if the relatives who brought you candy and toys were locked in a cold grave and the worms came. They didn't matter. You didn't care. Neither did I.)

Her voice goes on and on, weaving a rich tapestry of sound, weaving a magic rope with which to bind our hearts.

As she reads, she lifts her pale face to the light. It is a childlike, wistful face, with smooth planes. Her blue eyes are wide, child eyes. That is where she keeps her dreams—sweet, delightful fancies and earnest, solemn thoughts. She keeps them there to hide them, but sometimes they steal out into the open. Such lovely eyes. Such a lovely face.

Now her voice is gentle and wondering and tender. "The Philosopher." No child is she now, but all woman, wise in her womanhood. (Edna Millay, thank you—you have put into words the murmurings of my heart.)

She looks so slim and straight-shouldered and proud. She lifts her blonde head as if to say, "I will; I can,"—and then droops it,—"but *how?*" A girl, sincere and earnest, hoping to be understood—afraid she will not be. A woman—wise, wise.

"Song for Young Lovers in a City." Her voice does not condemn—it understands, yet wonders at the blindness of the thing so many call "love." "Childish mouths grown soft in sleep"—her words do not make pictures; they make the thing she describes—it is there, alive. "Such tiny loves will leap and flare Lurid as coke-fires." Her voice flares, too—leaps high, and dies away.

She has seated herself in the big chair.

"Oh, I have *lots* of time." Like a little girl, she says that. She tosses her head like a little girl, too. What a strange person she is—such a mixture of childlikeness and wisdom.

"Conversation at Midnight." Selections. (Edna, are you mocking all the world, laughing all of us to scorn? Go back to your old poetry—the poetry that is pure beauty, and made of melted sunbeams and distilled stars and the whisper of the rain and the kiss of the night.) These lines are satiric, even hard—but *brilliant.* We hate her for saying—even for thinking—such scornful things, but we love her for saying them so well.

"Sonnets." Here are poems about children. (Edna, what an actress you are—and is it all acting?) "Mother, I *can't* decide." (Edna, girl, did you linger thus on the threshold?) "He was born in *Paris, France!*" Small fry!

"Where Can the Heart Be Hidden in the Ground?" Her eyes see things ordinary men can't see. Her mind thinks thoughts ordinary men can't think. Her voice is rich and vibrant.

Her voice ceases. She is leaving the stage. (No, no, don't leave, Edna—not yet. One more poem—just one more.) Wave on clattering wave of applause fills the room. She returns to the stage.

"God's World." . . . "That ache and sag And all but cry with color." Her voice throbs as throbs her heart, rises and falls, leaps from her throat like a flame, then dies away. "My soul is all but out of me; let fall No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call." (Poet, lay bare your soul, fill your voice with meaning, make it living emotion. Edna, woman, you are only human—still your emotion, keep your soul within you.) Silence.

Applause—exultant, demanding. Again she returns.

"Travel." (This is the last, this is really the last. I will imprint every movement, every word, everything about her on my mind. Fix it fast in my memory, before she is gone like a candle-flame that flares

against the night and dies.) "Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take, No matter where it's going." She smiles—and is gone.

But the charm of the woman and the magic of the poet linger on, like the faint fragrance of Talisman roses.

BETSY PEERY, '39

THE POET

Next to God the Poet ranks:
God made the sunlight,
And the trees,
Arbutus pale on mossy banks,
The velvet night,
The restless seas.
God made the stars, the sky, the birds—
The Poet put them into words.

BETSY PEERY, '39

OLD ST. GEORGES

The quaint white-coral houses of old St. Georges ramble lazily, contentedly, down the green slopes to the low white sea-wall. The narrow, winding streets wander leisurely between high limestone walls, overhung with the delicate fronds of mimosa, festooned with heavy, swinging sprays of deep purple wistaria. Behind these smooth white walls nestle tiny informal gardens, bright with the rosy flesh of oleander, the scarlet flames of hibiscus, and the clear blue of the shy bermudiana. From the cloistered bowers steal the pure fragrance of Easter lilies, the haunting, elusive scent of frangipani. A luxuriant mass of blue morning-glories clambers over the white-coral wall at the edge of the sea—the sea, from whose blue transparent depths soft purples and dazzling greens roll upward, gleam brightly for a moment, and then vanish, absorbed again in the sparkling blueness. Just above, on the easy slope of the hill, where the gorgeous red-flowered poincianas and the bright-berried Pride-of-India trees grow a bit less thickly, the white roofs gleam in a gentle, rippling cascade. Now the distant clop-clop of horses' hoofs falls clinking into the cup of the breathless silence, and then again all is quiet. The old town rests in a timeless, sun-drenched peace.

BETSY PEERY, '39

THREE SKETCHES

I. UPON RIDING THROUGH NEW YORK

New York . . . There is the distant rumble of the elevated, the swish of tires on asphalt, the noisy cry of the newsboy, a sound of shifting gears, and the sudden squeal of brakes. . . . Electric signs move in nervous patterns. . . . Cold, gray buildings that seem to scrape the blue sky look down with disdain upon the surging mass of people below. Thousands of people. All different. And all rushing about, as if hunting frantically for something they will never find. . . . And here in the midst of all this confused, senseless clamor, we ride in a little world of our own—our car.

I glance at Dad; I can see him in the mirror if I lean over a bit. His eyes gaze intently on the road ahead, but every once in a while they dart quickly to the left, to the right, and I can see a faint smile hover on his lips as he murmurs broken phrases, quotations from poets who have sung their praises of what is to him the heart of the world, where life beats strongest. He sees through the gilded ostentation. He loves New York.

Mother doesn't put her thoughts into words. She needn't. She is an observer, looking with curious eyes, noting all the phenomena of change about her, yet all the while preserving a strange impassivity.

For a mirthful moment I watch Lore out of the corner of my eye. She twists and turns impatiently. When are we going to stop at an ice-cream parlor? I wonder as I look at Betty, if her thoughts, like mine, bridge time and space; if she is seeing instead of New York, a moving pattern of palms reflected between patches of brilliant sunshine on the grass.

II. RECOLLECTION

A solitary palm tree on the silvery beach, disdainfully lifting its proud green head to the blue heavens, bounded ever by that far-off unbroken ring of the horizon, caressed by gentle breezes laden with the scent of the coffee berry and warmed by the fierce sunlight of the south. . . . A sound of distant castanets . . . the nimble fingers of the wind playing its staccato tunes on the leaves of the *Majestuosa Palma Real.*

When golden stars sparkle in deep blue skies,
My heart takes wings; away it flies
To a sandy beach where palms trees sway;
And there it stays till the break of day.

III. MORNING IN VENEZUELA

It is a silent, splendid morning with quiet sunlight upon dew-drenched grass. In the soft outline of the haze-pearled hills of the Andes lies the mystery of youth. Straight trunks of the palms merge

into the far deeps of the jungle gloom. Here and there the first faint rays of sunlight strike through the green canopy overhead and fall slantingly upon graceful deer as they lie in slumber; upon the glistening black and gold of a python whose malignant coils, thick with power, ooze over the branches.

The solitary *montes* and jungles are very still—the breathless stillness of ecstacy. Not a leaf moves. The scarlet hibiscus in the garden are steady points of glowing color. Strange, moist perfume rises out of the grass slopes and, together with the exquisite fragrance of orchids, finds its way into my room and awakens me.

A bright-winged bird flits past my windows. . . . I lie there in my bed and watch and listen . . . and my thoughts are as gay, as bright, as golden sunlight on rippling blue waters.

Joyously a cricket sings. And now the vague, mysterious movements of the monkeys in the tree-tops come to my ears. Soon they are chattering merrily, incessantly, and with undue rapidity. Now I hear the harsh, shrill screech of the macaws. It is morning; the jungle is awake.

LOTTI OSTERWIN, SPECIAL STUDENT

GEORGE F. BABBITT

George Babbitt sees so much . . . yet only half sees . . . half realizes. . . . He thinks he is so brilliant . . . and he is so stupid. He is honest . . . yet he cheats the city. He is the head of his office . . . yet his secretary is "the power behind the throne." He possesses will power . . . yet he can't stop smoking. He is a grown man . . . yet he must be catered to like a baby. George Babbitt is a faithful husband . . . yet he lusts for another woman. He appreciates beauty . . . the beauty of a slim ankle or a million-dollar building. . . .

He believes in God . . . and worships money.

LOTTI J. OSTERWIN

THE IRIS

Many names have been applied to the iris. The most commonly heard are blue-flag, corn-flag, water-flag, fleur-de-lis, and fleur-de-luce. Because of its beautiful hues the terms "oriental poppy," "orchid of the garden," and "the poor man's orchid" have often been applied to the iris. The name iris itself is taken from that of the Greek goddess of the rainbow. In Greek mythology the lovely Iris, Juno's messenger, was a maiden who flew back and forth between heaven and earth, bearing the messages of the gods. The Greeks thought of the rainbow as the train of brilliant colors she left in her wake.

Irises have been gathered from the far corners of the globe and hybridized to form many more creations. The blue, purple, and white "flags" of our grandmothers' gardens bloomed only in May or June. Today there are irises for every month of the year. Besides the colors usually associated with the iris, we now have marvelous blends of bronze and copper, orchid-pinks, fiery reds and rich wines, coppery-red-purples, ultramarine blues, olive and citron yellows, warm browns, reddish purples, and velvety blacks.

The dwarf irises are the Alpine or Crimean varieties. These are grown in a variety of colors, such as white, yellow, blue, and a rich purple. Probably the most commonly known iris is our native blue-flag. The *Iris fulva* is a native of our Southern states distinguished for its metallic copper tones. In the swamps of Louisiana are found *Iris violipurpurea,* a tall, fragrant, blue-violet species, and *Iris vinicolor,* a fragrant, wine-colored variety.

The German or tall-bearded irises have been hybridized so extensively that there is a great range of choice. Among the earlier blooming varieties are the Florentina, an old variety, white with lavender shadings; Kochi, a striking claret; Plumeri, a deep coppery red; and the well-known Germanica, a very free-flowering deep purple. Some of the handsomest of the tall-bearded irises are the Iris King, dark brown with contrasting markings; Lohengrin, deep mauve in color and a vigorous grower; and the Minnehaha, which has very large creamy white flowers with maroon veinings, and is very fragrant. Probably the most striking tall-bearded iris is the German Black Knight, a deep purple flower with black falls.

The most impressive irises are the massive Japanese varieties, which grow to immense size. The plants have three- to six-petaled blooms that are often eight to ten inches across. The Japanese iris is probably the most glorious of the entire family; in fact, it is among the loveliest of all flowers.

The slender Siberian irises have a charm all their own. These are beardless irises in shades of blue, purple, or white. The Perry Blue, with large, clear blue flowers, is an exceedingly fine plant; as is the Siberica, which has purplish blue flowers.

Many handsome twice-blooming irises have been developed. Among the finest of these are the Eleanor Roosevelt, a huge deep purple flower; the Franklin Roosevelt, the most outstanding red-purple; Frost Green, a large frosty white; October Opera, a rich red; and Autumn Dawn, an old-gold and pink blend.

The varieties of iris are countless. As new plants are developed each year, they may run into tens of thousands. As most varieties are quite hardy, irises require little attention; they spread like wild fire.

Many, also, are the uses of the iris. In some countries it is used as food. When ground and roasted the rhizomes, called beans or beads, are considered by some to be an excellent substitute for coffee; however, most people say the substitute lacks the stimulating power of coffee. For many centuries extracts from the roots have been used in medicine. In the crude medical practice of earlier days, brews made from iris roots were prescribed for "spleens," coughs, fits, dropsy, and snake-bite. The petals pressed against the skin for several days were supposed to cure bruises. Blood diseases might be cured by inflicting a wound and inserting a small piece of iris root. Even today the acrid rosin from the rootstock is used in curing ulcers, tightening teeth, and removing freckles; however, it has a more pleasant use in various perfumes, cosmetics, and dentrifices. In Italy, especially, the iris is grown for the fragrant root, or orris.

In art, history, and folk-lore the iris has played an important part. In Korea an ancient legend of how the mountain iris came to be called the Servant-of-the-Rainbow is often heard. Once during a long drought the people were praying for rain and, as was the custom, sacrificed to the rainbow. Seven different flowers sprang up, after the manner of seven pretty girls, who tried to decide which among them was the most beautiful. Each of these flowers represented a color of the rainbow. The purple flower was told: "You look like a rainbow; you are the most perfect girl spirit." The shy young girl flower was very happy; she raised her head, and then the rains came. She became more beautiful than ever, so that the rainbow touched her. Ever since then the purple iris has been called the Servant-of-the-Rainbow.

In Japan the legend is told that a Japanese woman implored the gods to show her how she could achieve blue hair. The gods instructed her to gather the flower that grows between heaven and earth. The *Iris tectorum,* the roof iris, grows abundantly in the straw roofs of Japan. The Japanese woman gathered these flowers and made a brew from them with which she rinsed her hair. Since this time the women of Japan have had hair with a lovely blue sheen.

The "flower of the lily" has been an inspiration to writers, architects, painters, sculptors, and musicians since the days of ancient Egypt. During the latter part of the nineteenth century Mascagni and Illica wrote an opera based on an ancient Japanese legend about the iris.

The old tale is this: Iris, a Japanese girl named after the goddess of the rainbow, lives with her blind father. She is abducted by the rich Osaka, aided by the keeper of a dive. Osaka's attempts at love-making are in vain, because of her virtue. However, when the blind father finds her, he thinks his daughter is guilty and curses her. Iris then throws herself into the sewer. Lifting her eyes to the sun, she dies with a smile upon her lips; as her soul drifts into another world, beautiful irises spring up about her body as a memorial to her innocence.

The French fleur-de-lis is a formal design adapted from the white iris, the symbol of the royal house of France. The fleur-de-lis is also the state flower of Tennessee. Here at Peace there is now being developed a beautiful little iris garden in memory of Mrs. Ruth Huntington Moore, a beloved instructor of art in Peace College for twenty-seven years.

The iris is often considered the flower of poetry. In Shakespeare's *Tempest,* Iris is addressed by Ceres as her "many-coloured messenger" with "saffron wings," making a "rich scarf" for the "proud earth." Longfellow writes of this exquisite plant:

"Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasure,
Thou dost not toil and spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence,
The meadow and the lin."

ANNE BOICE, '39

PEACE

As I came up the driveway in the hush of early morning, Peace seemed indeed the embodiment of its name. I paused for a moment to watch the play of dappled shadows against ivy-clad columns, green shadows which shifted ever so slightly as a wee breeze ruffled the serenity of leaves overhead—leaves slowly turning to russet and dullest gold. Their hesitant, muted whispering only emphasized the quietness, while a falling acorn struck the gravel with a small, half-muffled thud. Then there was a soft, blurred whirring of wings and a single iridescent pigeon fluttered slowly to earth, to rest and preen its feathers beside me in the drive.

MARION GREY BLACK, '39

THE MISTLETOE

Just who started the custom of kissing under that little sprig of green leaves and glistening white berries during the yuletide season, we wonder? Perhaps some are in favor of it, others not. Let us peep for a moment into its origin.

Authorities say that it was revered by the ancient Druids of England, because it attached itself to their sacred tree, the oak. They had a very special ceremony for performing the act of cutting it. A white-clad priest climbed the tree upon which the parasite grew, and severed with a golden sickle the mistletoe, which was caught in a white mantle held below. (It was an evil omen if the branch was allowed to touch the ground. The mistletoe is said to "bring happiness, safety, and good fortune, so long as it is not beneath our feet.") Then two white bulls were sacrificed beneath the oak, and sprigs of the plant were distributed among the people, who hung them over their doorways or twined them into rings and bracelets, as a protection against fits, witches, poisons, consumptions, etc. They hung it over their entrances, probably because of the old winter custom of keeping green things indoors as a refuge for the spirits of the woods during icy weather.

The mistletoe is also represented as the only plant which is incapable of receiving injury. There is the story, too, of Balder, the Aryan god, who was fatally wounded by its prick, the only living thing against which he was vulnerable. Many people of the ancient days thought that the oak tree with mistletoe growing on it could not be hewed down, because of the protection afforded by the invulnerable plant.

One story goes that the mistletoe was once as large as other trees, until it was used for the wood of Christ's cross, at which time it shrank to its present size. It is interesting to note the medieval monks' exaggerated reverence for the "wood of cross," as they called it. They went so far as to swallow chips of it or to drink water in which it had been steeped.

Even today are found traces of the ancient superstitions about the parasite. In some countries, for example, it is deemed necessary to bring down the mistletoe with an arrow by night, when the moon is on the wane. It must be caught with the left hand.

But let us turn again from these more serious aspects to our lighter tradition of kissing beneath the twig. This custom is said to be a revival, though harmless enough, of the ancient Saturnalia or December festivals, in which merriment often proceeded to riotousness and license. Germany and England seem to have the monopoly of the custom, since the "French society manners have never approved of kissing games."

The mistletoe was replaced by the holly in the Christmas decoration of the church, because the osculatory practice made too many lads and

lasses think of marriage. It then made its way into the kitchen, but it did not long remain only in the servants' halls, soon finding a place in the parlors among the ladies and gentlemen. From there, it has come down to us of today as an innocent and jolly part of the Christmas season celebration.

Susan Whitfield, '39

MERRY CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas eve, and joy reigned in the Newbold household! Outside it was snowing, but inside there was only warmth and good cheer.

Mother had just taken the little boys up to bed. We could still hear their excited chatter. This evening was to be a busy one; so as soon as we were sure that the boys were safely tucked in bed, we set to work with a will. Father and Jerry put up the tree and arranged the electric lights; Jerry hung greens, and Anne and I dragged the boxes out of the closet where they had been for some time. Before very long the tree was ready for decorations. What fun it was to dress it, and how lovely it looked with the glistening tinsel, the bright-colored bulbs, the shimmering silver icicles, and the beautiful star at the top! Father and Jerry opened the boxes; and we sorted the pretty, colorful packages, all the while laughing and trying to guess their contents. Anne tacked a spray of mistletoe tied with a brilliant red ribbon over the front door and Jerry, of course, had something to say about her purpose. After a brief scuffle and some violent blushing, peace was restored.

Then Mother came down and brought out the fruit, nuts, and candies. She played the piano for us; and when we had finished filling the stockings, we sang together the old familiar Christmas carols. Afterward, we turned off the lights, gathered around Mother and Father on the sofa in front of the fire, and gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the scene before us. It was beautiful! I shall never forget it—the sparkling tree, the brightly colored packages, the smell of the pine tops, the luster of the smilax, the reflection in the mirror, and the flickering light of the fire casting a rosy glow over all.

Caroline Newbold, '40

VOICES *of* PEACE

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EDITORIALS

THE IRIS

The blue iris has been chosen by the Papyrus Club as its flower, in harmony with the club colors, blue and white. The Egyptian origin of the iris and its rare loveliness were the chief reasons for our choice. You will find in this issue an interesting article on the iris by one of our staff; the symbolic frontispiece was designed by Sallye Josey.

ADVENTURING DAILY

We have all heard the proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun." We certainly cannot deny its truth in a certain light, for there are things which have been and which always will be firm and unchangeable as rock. Yet there is still, we can say with thankfulness, a spirit of adventure which prevents our lives from becoming too humdrum and which should enable us to look at every-day tasks from fresh viewpoints and constantly to find in them new opportunities.

We may not have time to go out for many extra-curricular activities, though all we can undertake with ease will surely, by the greater experience afforded us, enrich our personalities and broaden our outlook. And in the realm of ordinary school life, why fall into a habit of taking things for granted? For instance, when we go to that chemistry lab., we may sigh, "Somebody else demonstrated this before we did. Why do we have to do it all over again? It's so useless." Would it not be better to think of our experiments as a sort of adventure, a way of discovering for ourselves the elements which make up our world—the food we eat and even our own bodies?

And that English and history parallel so dreaded—could it not be attacked with a different attitude? If we take the trouble to read sympathetically, to comprehend, we shall find that human nature is always the same; and can thus profit by the experiences of the truly great of the past as well as the present!

In psychology, likewise, we explore in a scientific light, those most interesting personages of all—ourselves. The social sciences, the languages, the fine arts, and the commercial subjects are "open sesames" to the treasures of greater knowledge, skill, and poise with which to meet the world, to make the most of our days this year at Peace and ever afterward.

Then, in spite of the old adage, shall we not challenge this dull attitude by a gallant spirit of adventure in all we do, and so make this year the fullest and the best that we have thus far lived?

THE DAY-STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Coöperation—how much the word implies! Friendliness, hearty teamwork among loyal workers, involving energy and courage and sometimes sacrifice.

Perhaps at times there has been a lurking feeling among the day-students that they were more or less being left out of extra-curricular life here at Peace, while on the other hand the boarding girls have probably envied the Raleigh students their greater freedom. For obvious reasons, it has been harder for the town girls to get into the swing of things. It is often inconvenient for them to get back and forth for outside activities—society meetings, student body meetings, hockey practices, singing in the dining-room, and the numerous parties and attractions given throughout the year, which do add so much to the feeling of oneness which is Peace. Our day-students have shone very brightly in those activities in which they have taken part—class-room work, Glee Club, Dramatic Club, and the student publications.

Therefore, we are very glad and proud to welcome the organization which has recently been formed, the Day-Students' Council. Its purpose is to promote better law and order among the town girls and a deeper understanding between them and the administration. May it prove also an ever-strengthening bond of unity between the two groups, the day-students and the boarders.

The Peace girls would like to express their sincere appreciation to St. Mary's School and Junior College for the great privilege of hearing Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay. St. Mary's auditorium was crowded, and most generous provision was made for the thirty Peace girls who attended the reading.

THE SUB-DEBS

OCTOBER

Gold is in the sunshine
  That strikes the blue-grey roofs;
Gold is in the country dust
  That flies from the horses' hoofs.

Golden is the last bright beam
  That leads us into night from morn;
Golden is the moonlight's gleam
  Until the day again is born.

SIDNEY ANN WILSON, 11th Grade

A COMPARISON OF "L'ALLEGRO" AND "IL PENSEROSO"

It has been said and cannot be readily overlooked, that man in the course of time lives many lives. Perhaps we may apply this to John Milton as we see him through the medium of his self-revealing masterpieces, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

To me it seems that these two poems are as precious jewels, representing through their sparkle the temperament of their creator; the one, jovial in its luster; the other, more reflective, deep set, and characterizing. It is the general belief that the "cheerful man" is Milton himself in all his vivacity of heart and mind, and the "thoughtful man" also is Milton, the prober of darker lights.

According to his varied feelings, Milton banishes Melancholy, daughter of Cerberus and Midnight, or "vain deluding Joys," fatherless in the brood of Folly, and invokes in their stead the goddess, "heart-easing Mirth," or "divinest Melancholy." It is interesting to note how Milton tells us that the real foundation of our character or our "why's and wherefore's" is our heritage. He shows us very simply that from the union of the goddess of love and beauty and the god of wine, one might expect a creature as frolicsome and gay as Euphrosyne, or by the marriage of the warm temperamental Vesta and the "solitary" Saturn, a daughter as thoughtful as Melancholy.

Psychologists tell us that firm friendships are founded upon the congeniality of tastes and ideals. Euphrosyne herself, a symbol of life as free and gladsome as the morning, would then be likely to choose as her companions those having love for wit and jest and freedom, while on the other hand is it not natural for one gifted with a love of quiet thought to place by her side those who seek the more peaceful, leisurely, contemplative ways?

It is a joy to join one so delightful as Mirth at one's window in the morning and live within her happy realm; to see with her the gay lark winging its way against the eastern sky and hear the cock's crow in the distance; to dance across the dew-kissed fields, and watch her paint the sky in deeper liveries with her very happiness. One sees mountains, daisy-spangled, with resting billowy clouds upon their breasts. One might stoop in pure delight to tread one's hand in the playful waters of the shallow brooks or slip quietly through the cottage door of Corydon and Thyrsis to feast with them in their simple way.

But one who chooses the sager Nun will not visit the jocund hamlet to dance and play, but prefers to wander in "trim gardens" graced by Cynthia's beams, and woo sweet Philomel to sing. At other times when solitude craves her share of Saturn's child, that one leaves the night air to recline before some remote hearth and be lulled by the cricket's tuneless chirp. But, alas! So frail a being as Melancholy, though happy under the protecting hand of Night, wilts with the rising of Apollo, and thus must creep into the cooling shades of the woodlands and rest until Cynthia shall ascend into the heavens again.

However, it is only natural for one so light and jovial as Mirth to be thought of in connection with the mischievous Fairy Mab or Hymen's visits to the towered city of which poets dream. The very name, Melancholy, on the other hand, is associated with the tragic, as "Thebes or Pelops' line," or "the tale of Troy divine." Perhaps, indeed, a thoughtful person is more likely to meet in his very reflections upon life, the tragedies within life. We note also how the cheerful man abides more in "soft Lydian airs . . . of linked sweetness," while the thoughtful person enjoys especially the "pealing organ" and the anthems of the "full-voiced quire."

With this Milton closes. If Melancholy can give such pleasures and Mirth such delights, does it not behoove us "to develop in ourselves various kinds of appreciation, responses to various kinds of stimuli"? In so doing we shall combine with the scraps of brighter fabric in our life's pattern, those pieces so deep and somber in hue as to give others the impression of a quilt as beautifully blended as the quilt of Nature itself.

DOROTHY HUIE, 11th Grade

SNOW IN NOVEMBER

Tiny white snow flakes float gently down like feathers from a starless sky and timidly brush my cheek with cool kisses. Layer upon layer the snow deepens, until its velvet blanket covers the earth. The leafless branches of the old oak are bending with white weight, and the snow catches and clings to the roof of the house. A pale, frigid moon sends cold beams across a lawn with a sheenlike satin. . . .

Morning; and with it the destruction of my fairyland. Shouts; sleds; forts; an icy snowball smashes upon my cold neck, to melt and drip down my back. A too-bright sun glares down with melting power upon the lawn. Now the sheen is broken by dirty footprints; tracks run like ugly scars across the yard. Snow drips maddeningly into warm puddles from the glistening roof, and my beautiful snow-land is ruined.

FRANCES RAINEY, 10th Grade

EXCHANGES

Peace girls always enjoy reading *The Acorn,* published by the students of Meredith College. "Are We Religious?" is an article in the October issue which provides much food for thought. "Report from the Hurricane States" gives a vivid personal account of the hurricane in Rhode Island. The magazine has many other articles of interest to the girls here at Peace. We wish also to express our appreciation for the copies of *Belles of Saint Mary's,* the attractive newspaper published by St. Mary's.

The Old Maid of Randolph-Macon Woman's College has the distinction of being the only humor magazine in the United States published by a woman's college. The following jokes were selected from this magazine:

"Who was the smartest inventor?"
"Thomas A. Edison. He invented the phonograph and the radio, so that people would stay up all night and use his electric bulbs."

In days of old—famous last words: "Quick, knave, the can opener. I've a flea in my knight clothes."

The decrepit old Model-T Ford rolled up to the toll bridge.
"Fifty cents," called out the gateman.
"Sold," said the man in the Ford.

The height of illegibility—a doctor's prescription written with a post-office pen in the rumble seat of a second-hand car.

"What is a synonym?"
"A synonym is a word you use when you can't spell the other one."

Mary had a little watch,
She swallowed it,
It's gone.
Now every time that Mary walks,
Time marches on.

THE PEPPERPOT

LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa Claus:

I am a little girl seventeen years old. I have been a good girl this year; I have studied hard, I turn out my light promptly at 10:30 every night, I *never* leave school without signing out, and I always say "Please" when I ask for a second helping of grits.

So I am writing a list of the things I should like you to put in my Christmas stocking, which will be hanging by the chimney here at dear old Peace.

1. A roll of films for Georgie.
2. Catnip for Henry.
3. A copy of "How To Cultivate a Charming Voice" for the girls on fourth floor, Main.
4. A red pencil for Susan Whitfield (to correct manuscripts).
5. A stamp book for Miss Kirkpatrick.
6. A dance record for Katherine Walser and Betsy Hutchinson.
7. A flute for Mildred Andrews.
8. Sheet music for Lucille Whitley.
9. A pair of earrings for Lotti.
10. Two small red bows for Mary Holt (to tie at the end of her pigtails).
11. An apple for Miss Boswell (in case she gets hungry).
12. Some good exam. grades—to please students and teachers alike.
13. A bow and arrow for Jean Lindsay.
14. A midnight feast for Miss McLelland.
15. A very merry Christmas to all Peace teachers and students.

Thank you, Santa.

PEACE GIRL

JUST A WHISPER

Dame Rumor's sharp eyes miss not a sound—nor do ours. And just to prove it:

We wonder if Ruth T. still talks to that State lad every night. We also wonder if he has yet discovered who is calling. . . . If you see Georgie blushing, don't ask her why. Maybe someone turned the tables and snapped a "candid camera" shot of her. . . . Toni Smith is still looking for a Southern gentleman. What's the matter, Toni, don't these State boys measure up? . . . Tommy Rose had better study up on her football rules. Or maybe she and the Dunn football captain don't talk about football! . . . Sallie Cobb, how was P. J. C. Homecoming? That moon was mighty bright. . . . Ask Sallye Josey what she said

to the State football captain. . . . Jimmy, of Wake Forest, seems to be making time with Caroline, Gretchen, and Lucille. Nice work, boy! He goes in for all types—blonde, brunette, and redhead. . . . Annabelle, what is it about Davidson that Carolina hasn't got? . . . Nancy Teague's Harvard week-end must have been a big success. . . . And Daffy, what happened to you the week-end of November 12? Yeah, Kannapolis! . . . That blonde Herring gal hasn't got her date-book mixed up yet. We can't see how, with so many to keep straight. . . . Mildred Ferguson, the student legislature must have been interesting—you brought part of it back to school with you! . . . Jo Langdon seems to have gone in for yachting—at least, she likes skippers. . . . Have you seen Jinx in her new uniform? Rah, rah, Citadel! . . . Miss McLelland wants to meet all the "brothers" now, and get it over with. . . . Ruby still goes in for Latin—well, for Virgil, anyway. . . . Why is Mary Hodgin suddenly interested in horses? Or shouldn't we ask? . . . Sara and Sally Moore, what happened at the Duke-Carolina game? We hear it was one grand week-end. . . . Lotti seems to have a lot more enthusiasm about her church-going, of late. Could it possibly be caused by those two boys that always sit across the aisle? Nice going, South America. . . . Blonde Sallye Josey didn't do so badly for herself, either. She showed up at the Black-and-White dances with some cute lad. Nor was she the only Peace gal to make the grade. Kit Rainey, Christina Creekmore, Mary Frances Gerling, Eloise Harris, Margaret Martin, Jeanne Dozier, Betsy Anne Reid, Kitty Turner, and Sara Frances Terrell appeared in full regalia, too. And what about "Maid Marian" Peery being in the figure with that cute Robin Hood? . . . Our postman looks a little pale and wan lately. Maybe he's overworked—those heavy letters from Duke to Judy (and back!) must keep him busy. . . . Betsy Hutchinson's mail box isn't exactly dusty, either. . . . Too bad Ethel had to miss Davidson Homecoming. These closed week-ends always popping up at the wrong time. . . . Some girl's Edgar is getting kidded out at State. Seems he's really giving Peace a rush, or so the *Technician* says. . . . These new girls 'low as how they're afraid to ask Miss Tini Myers to chaperon them on dates—the general idea being that Miss Myers could easily captivate the date herself. . . . Anne Boice adds a new heart to her string every Sunday. Which one is really "tops"? Anne's not saying. . . . Have you noticed that fascinating sparkle on the third finger of Johnsie's left hand? And have you noticed how she keeps the telephone wires hot? . . . Pudee Best is another gal that gets her calls regularly—and frequently. Nice long-distance calls, too, from Dunn. . . . Have you noticed that neat convertible coupé that Fran Rainey rides 'round in? . . . Alice Wall and Miriam McIntyre, how's Wake Forest? Not bad, we hear. More power to you, girls.

And more power to Dame Rumor. What should we do without her—and keyholes at which to listen?

HEARD IN PASSING

1. Miss P. Jones—"Pardon?"
2. Miss Salls—"Now don't get excited, girls. I'll explain!"
3. Miss Richards—"You girls please be a little quieter!"
4. Miss McLelland—"And I'll just smile and smile and go right on saying 'no.'"
5. Miss L. Jones—"Why, that would be just fine."
6. Miss Boswell—"See?"
7. Mrs. Couch—"My husband—."
8. Miss Kuhns—"You don't have to do a thing you don't want to do—not a thing."
9. Mrs. Darsie—"My goodness."
10. Miss Kirkpatrick—"Now get in your room."
11. Miss Ida Currie—"Now, we were in the library."
12. Henry—"Meow!"

PAPYRUS CLUB

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CLASSIFIED LIST OF ADVERTISERS

(This is a list of business firms and other organizations advertising in our student publications. Through them our *Voices of Peace* and *Lotus* are made possible. Let us show our appreciation by patronizing them whenever possible.)

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- Poole's
- Vanity
- Womble's

Beverages
- Coca-Cola

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- Carolina Cleaners
- Hood Model

Clothing and Department Stores
- Boylan-Pearce
- Efird's
- Ellisberg's
- Hudson-Belk
- Jean's
- Mangel's
- Preston's
- Rose's
- Taylor's

Colleges
- Meredith
- Peace

Drug Stores
- Boon-Iseley
- Brantley's
- Coxe-Ferguson
- Eckerd's
- Walgreen's

Eating Places
- California Fruit Store
- Person Street Sandwich Shop

Electrical Service
- Carolina Power & Light

Florists
- Fallon's

Insurance
- Frank M. Harper

Jewelers
- Balfour
- Johnson's
- Neiman

Photographers
- Dunbar and Daniel

Plumbing
- Trull

Printers
- Bynum
- Edwards & Broughton

Repairs
- Penny's Shoe Shop

Sporting Goods
- Lewis

Sunday Schools
- Edenton Street Methodist
- First Presbyterian

Transportation
- Carolina Coach

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- Brogden Produce
- T. H. Briggs & Sons
- Dillon Supply Company
- W. H. King Drug Company
- Lance Packing Company
- George Marsh
- Southern School Supply
- Staudt's Bakery
- Job P. Wyatt & Sons